

July

It's Only Rock 'n' Roll

1981

"The Music You Grew Up With"

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Split Enz

Iron Maiden's
gothic rock



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Dear IORNR,

I am a collector of rock LPs, and I would be very glad if you can print my request for exchange to any of your issues. I received this mag from my friend of San Antonio and I think it's great. I urgently need a friend in U.S.A. for exchange, correspondence and talking about music.

My main interest lies in heavy rock — all types — especially guitar dominated. I am very interested in records issued locally, but I'll be glad for any LP I'm searching for.

Thank you in advance,

Yours sincerely,

— "Svat"

Svatopluk Schwarzer

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Czechoslovakia

KISS. Such programs as Classic Tracks, King Biscuit, and the BBC Rock Hour are causing many to renew their interest in serious radio listening. This is clearly evident by the increasing numbers of KISS stickers on rear windshields and tuner selections in stereo shops.

Let's hope that KISS does not succumb to the same fate as the not-forgotten KEXL because I can't wait another five years for someone to clear the smog out of my ears again!

KEEP ON ROCKIN'!!!

Yours truly,

A Concerned Listener

Hmmm, very interesting. Typed, assumed name — a KISS DJ? Jim Beal thinks so and I'll believe anything Jim tells me. What's that one about the Easter Bunny... — DDA

... And con

Dear R&R Editor,

I moved to S.A. in '76 and up until recently I was a true listener of KISS radio. I really am disappointed they have adopted a new format. I do not know the names of the DJs who work in the morning; I believe it's some young girl and guy team. Anyway, they sure have played REO, Styx and Kansas into the ground. Every day they play the same groups and same songs. I don't think KISS has played any real reggae since Joe and Lou quit KISS! I bet they don't have any 3rd World or Jimmy Cliff albums at the station! Joe Anthony is right about KISS not exposing new music. There are plenty of good bands right here in Texas that deserve some air play. Doug Sahm, Fabulous Thunderbirds, Joe Ely, Delbert McKlinton, Van Wilkes, The Lotions, Uranium Savages are just a few bands that are local that get their music played on stations like KLBj in Austin, and KNCR in Corpus Christi. It's easy to tell that KISS is owned by an East Coast company and not a Texas-based company.

I'm glad San Antonio has a good station for hearing some nice jazz (KTUF), and a station that plays good oldies (KONO). If it weren't for them I would be totally bored with the radio. If KISS doesn't change the format and widen the variety of music they play, they might as well switch the name of the station to KACDC.

Yours truly,

— Fred Matias

Hello:

The "new" KISS FM sucks. And guess what? I'm NOT a heavy metal "freak" and a Mexican-American to top that! (Ha, ha).

ANYWAY — yeah KISS sucks because it's the same mothball rock music EVERY DAY. Yeah, sure that stuff's good music? Same old "gee-wasn't-it-great-back-then-Allen?" music every day. So Spencer says "It used to sound like five different stations."

Yeah, but you knew when to turn it on or off, right?

They got more news than Walter Cronkite ever read in his whole career. Boy what a joke!

In the meantime, my radio's usually off — so are my friends unless they got mold in their ears, too.

In closing I'd just like to say that, as far as their embarrassing-of-a-slogan goes — "KISS Rocks San Antonio"; it should be:

"San Antonio rocks KISS". And I don't mean musically, either.

Thanks,

— Oscar Gonzalez

Hear, hear

To the Editor:

David Arthur is right! It's high time we support this magazine with some feedback! So what are we waiting for?

That's the same problem KISS is having; no feedback, pro or con. I've heard several

people bitch about KISS's new format saying the variety that once marked KISS as an exceptional rock and roll station is gone forever. We if you are one of these persons, get off your butt and give them a call. Also if the new format appeals to you, give them some support.

Come on San Antonio, let's take an active part in our radio stations! Your ears will thank you in the long run.

Long Live Music.

— David P

Alright, let's see some comments on KISS. It's poll time and we'll not only publish the results, I'll give them to Tim Spencer personally. So far, it's running about 3 to 1 against. So write! — DDA

Mr. Arthur, Dave Even.

Hey I'm writing man and I'm not a schmuck!

Anyway, I'm from Southern California. Newport Beach to be exact. And I really thought that there was no hope for any new music in San Antonio. (Punk or New Wave don't mean shit, man; it's only Rock'n'Roll!) until I read your rag and met Monte at Apple Records and the guys at Flip Side. I'm really tired of the shit they play of KISS. Come on guys, you have a wider audience than that! How about some X or Black Flag or the Circle Jerks or Pil or Human Sexual Response (they are hot!) or any fuckin' new music!

I just got back from California and let me tell ya they know what music is. Your rag is doing a great job of opening people up to new music. Keep it up. How about some reviews on the Dead Kennedy's, Missing Persons, etc.

Later, — Mike Krieger

Yes, you too can get your name in a world famous magazine. But until you do, write us and let us print your name. But there's a letter attached — Write one, ok? We'll print almost anything. Letters should be neatly printed or typed. Send them to "It's Only Rock'n'Roll", P.O. Box 5629, San Antonio, Texas 78201.



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Oz Knozz: Back at last, better than ever

by
MONTE MARTINEZ, MONICA SCHWAB and RUSTY ULBRICH
Freelance Writers

Back in 1975 one of those weird Lps was released. You know the kind — local independent label, unknown band, classic album. In '75 it was Oz Knozz and *Rough Mix*. Released on their own Ozone label, the album became an underground classic. Due to low finances, only 1500 copies were

keyboardist John "Rabbit" Bundrick.

Also missing is guitarist Richard Heath, who left almost immediately after the recording of *Rough Mix*. He was replaced by Rick Wheeler. The other members are Bill Massey, bass, and Marty Naul, drums.

Oz Knozz has now been together for eleven years and are ready for success. To this end, their songs are now more vocal oriented. Duane Massey, who writes most of the material, said that he didn't like doing the vocals because his limited vocal range restrict-

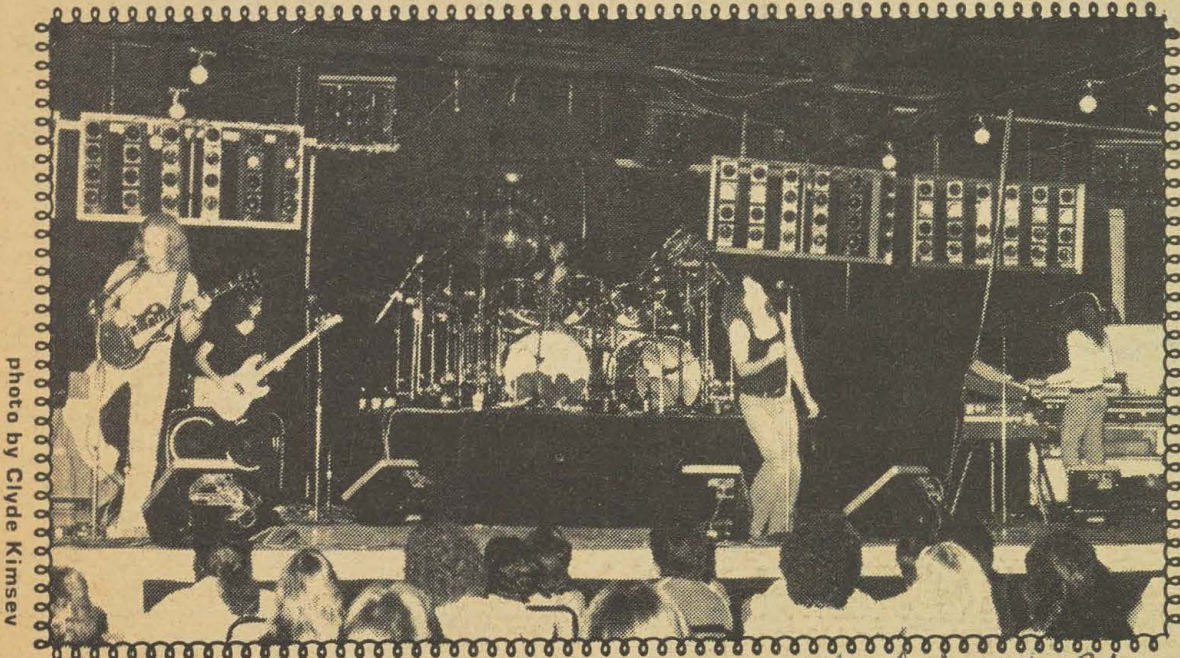
Massey said "Glen (Gibson) has just the right amount of onstage charisma. We don't want to get too flashy. I like to keep spontaneity when we play. We will never be a note-for-note band."

Massey's keyboard playing and songwriting are what set Oz Knozz apart. His songs are unpredictable and unconventional. The use of the famous "screech horn", which dominated *Rough Mix*, adds a texture to the band's music which is unique.

Oz Knozz's recent appearances have been well received, as has their new material. Songs like "Overture", "True Believer", "Hi-Fi", "Light-Hearted" and

"Scream Aloud" would be good single material. They still perform songs from *Rough Mix*, including "Peanut Butter Yoni" and "Doodley Squats". Although their newer songs are reaching for a broader audience, their material is still different.

The band has released a limited edition single — again, for financial reasons. The single consists of "Goodbye Again" b/w "Always There". There are also plans for a live album. Wheeler says "we had considered remixing *Rough Mix* but we decided to do the live album instead because we've been getting tired of doing the same songs. This way we get them on record and move on to new frontiers."—RNR



Oz Knozz: What?

detail lost in pic

pressed. It is still very much in demand.

People often wondered where Oz Knozz went to. Well, as two recent appearances at the Villa Fontana and Randy's prove, they are back.

There are a few differences. Keyboardist Duane Massey no longer handles lead vocals — this is done by Glenn Gibson, who joined the band last year. He had previously been in Blackwell, a band that included Who

ed him when writing. Now he can include more vocal ranges. Massey added "I'm very happy with the new arrangement. Now I can concentrate more on my keyboard playing and I can write more vocal-oriented songs. I used to write too many songs with a short vocal piece, then a long instrumental, then closing with another short vocal piece."

The search for a vocalist who would fit into the band's context took some time.



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Harst and Athanas move on and apart

by
V. RAY
Contributing Writer

For the better part of a year, San Antonio has had the opportunity to witness a musical illustration of the concept that "less is more." With a minimum of elements: a bare stage, an acoustic guitar, an off stage synthesizer and array of electronic effects, Rudy Harst and Charlie Athanas conjured up an illusionary wall of sound that filled up the stage and left audiences amazed. Their act offered as wide a range of musical and emotional dynamics as an audience could fathom in one sitting.

Rudy and Charlie speak of their act as having been a successful experiment, but each has new ventures and objectives to accomplish independently. In recent conversations, both men related some of the motivations that went into the development of their act, as well as their future plans.

Surprisingly, Charlie's background has been one of graphic art; he's done advertising, illustration, as well as stage, lighting, and costume design. He claims his sole musical background consists of "a stereo." His discriminating ear and uncanny sense of timing indicate that it provided him with an adequate education.

A role in Doug Post's rock-musical interpretation of *The Tempest* two years ago convinced Charlie that he could sing, and he set out to form a band. On the advice of friends who told him that most bands require a vocalist to play an instrument as well as sing, Charlie took up the synthesizer. He was still carrying it around in the box when he and some mutual friends (also amateur musicians) first sat in with Rudy. The inherent spontaneity of that first session proved to be the catalyst for the formation of their act.

"It was funny in the context that Rudy likes to play only with professional musicians, and we are just hacks! We played some of Rudy's original material, taped it, and as it turned out, some interesting things occurred. Rudy said, 'Hey, I've never had my music sound like this before!' He was used to playing with professional musicians, where everything is predictable in a sense, whereas what we were coming out with had to be new and original because we didn't know what we were doing!"

Charlie soon learned; he began spending time with Rudy, eventually running sound for him. "At the time, Rudy was altering the sound of his guitar between songs, getting a really full sound; what I did was take it a step beyond, making it more immediate, allowing Rudy to concentrate totally on singing and performing." This also allowed Charlie to be more selective with the effects, using a number of different effects to highlight specific points within a song.

About the Harst-Athanas act, Charlie says, "It's definitely a concept for the 80's — it's sleek, economical — you can take it cross-country in one van — it's self-supporting. One phrase that consistently comes from sound people we work with is, 'You two are re-defining the concept of a rock'n'roll band.' It's the sort of idea Robert Fripp would go apeshit over." Indeed, Fripp would have to search far and wide for a better example of his notion of a "small, mobile, intelligent unit."

Although Charlie penned the musical hooks from the catchy "I'm Not Interested," he says he's moving towards more melodic, "soundtrack" type pieces. In fact, he has composed the theme music for David Wright's "San Antonio Night People," a documentary to air on U-A Columbia Cable TV. He also performed the atmospheric music accompanying the "Encounter With



Rudy Harst and Charlie Athanas exiting the Twilight Zone

Saturn" photo exhibition on display in San Antonio.

This summer he will depart for Chicago to appear in a new production of *The Tempest*. As far as long range plans go, Charlie says he likes to be involved in a lot of different things. He has found that his true element lies in being a performer, and would ultimately like to combine his talents in a fusion of rock music and theatrics.

Despite an abundant creative affinity, offstage Charlie and Rudy are as different as night and day. While Charlie is exuberant and animated in conversation (a departure from his "man in the shadows" performance mystique), Rudy is, as his work shows, quieter and more reflective.

In conversation, Rudy acknowledges that he's established himself as a concert performer, but he feels that his act is not yet strong enough to be seriously on the road.

"For the foreseeable future, I'm going to stay here and perfect aspects of my act that I feel are lacking. I get the feeling as I look back on this phase that I don't really want to work in the rock medium — not that I can

shut things out categorically — but I don't really like the energy it creates. Rock'n'roll is certainly in my spirit, but I need to move back from it . . . I don't want quite so much noise and freneticism."

He envisions a softer, jazzier act — one that will frequently feature other local musicians. "I would like that to be my trademark: that when I show up, there's no telling what might happen, or who might sit in. But it will always be entertaining, have some thought-food, and have a pleasant atmosphere."

One of Rudy's current priorities is to find an experienced soundman to help him further probe the musical territory he's been exploring. Rudy intends to hone his use of the one-man-band idea, bringing it into closer focus, and presenting a "tighter package." In essence, Rudy hopes to capture and expand upon the intensity generated by the Harst-Athanas act in an even more direct and intimate manner — without all of the electronics.

Responding to all of the attempts to describe him as a performer, Rudy says, "Somebody said I was a new age troubador. Historically, a troubador is one who travels

from town to town, singing about what's happening on the other side of the state, or the other side of the world, and in that sense, I felt like a troubador. There's a new age coming in medicine, food, music, technology . . . I sing of the new age coming, of the new awareness."

About Rudy and Charlie's reputation for being basically a very honest act, Rudy says, "We're very proud of that. It really irks me because musicians should all be going to the same place, but musicians can be very fierce and competitive. That's silly because no matter how many good bands there are, there's always room for another one; there's just no need to be anything but fair and honest."

Both Rudy and Charlie admit dissatisfaction with their current EP. Rudy would like to record a top-quality live LP, featuring some of the people who sit in with him. He really isn't studio-oriented. "Do a second take, do a third take" — my heart really isn't in it the second time. The thing that makes me 'happen' is the audience."

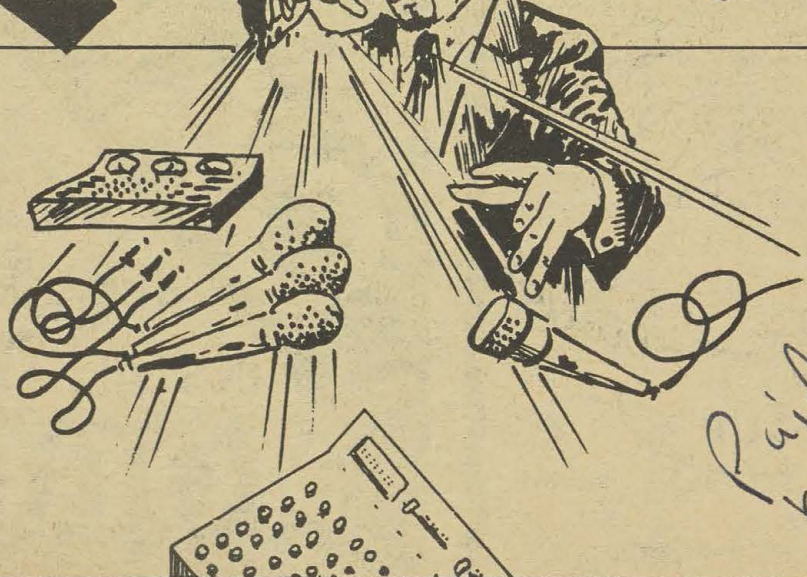
The audience reaction Rudy says he can't cope with is when they ignore him entirely. "I can understand them not liking what I'm doing — 'He dresses funny,' or 'He looks funny.' They might even laugh and say, 'That is funny.' But to ignore it completely is a fear reaction. It usually happens in bars where people are used to background music. I like it when I can overcome that reaction. It's a point of pride with me that I don't stop playing until I've reached a certain percentage of the audience."

Given the enormous visual impact he has as a performer, does Rudy foresee himself becoming involved with video?

Rudy admits that it is one direction he might pursue, and adds that there is currently no acoustic-folk performer who is a particularly visual performer. "What I want to do is jump around on the camera, make it visually interesting, but still bring the message in the music across. But how long before that becomes a reality . . . who knows?"

In answer to whether he has the patience to wait for such eventualities, Rudy responds, "I'm older than most people who are operating at this level, and my personal values are pretty well in place. My personhood isn't on the line when I go onstage, my act is, and I have them fairly well separated. So, yeah — I'm patient. I'm happy — because 'me' the person's got lots to do." RNR

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Splitting Enz to make hairs meet

by
DAVID ARTHUR
Editor

Just when you think you've got a peg on what it's all about, you are hit with contradicting facts. And once you readjust you wonder how you could have ever thought that at all... how did you ever think that way?

Split Enz is a group that does not fit a label. I've always wanted to peg them; ever since I heard their early work. Although the band has changed considerably since the days of '75 and '77 when they recorded *Mental Notes* and *Dizrhythmia*, their attitude, strangely hasn't. The music doesn't sound the same — it's the absurdity of it. This collection of "enz" is indeed split — from laughing too hard.

"EVERY BAND needs to Exchange. We ended up being more direct." — Neil Finn

Early Split Enz didn't sound like anyone or anything so much as everyone and everything. Imagine a swing number with a reggae break and mandolin solos with a big band flourish at the end; that's a typical *intro* for a song off of *Dizrhythmia*. Although at times incoherent, the group had a panache, a ambiguity that was extremely pleasing.

Split Enz is no longer so ambiguous. But they are still approaching life tongue in cheek. It shows in the way they act on stage, dressing and looking like people you might imagine, but never expect to meet. Wearing black-light make-up, Van Dykes and bizarre haircuts; the whole effect is striking.



photo by Clyde Kimsey

So This Is Split Enz: Looks like their enz are split!

"Well, we've simplified our stage act. It was too involved before. Now the music is more important. However, there is a lot of humor there, yes. And since there is, we have to capture some of that onto our records," Neil Finn says. This is still before the group's Austin concert last May. We're on the phone. Neil is the guitarist for Enz.

He also contributes vocals and is one of the band's two principal songwriters, the other being his brother Tim, who also sings.

The remaining members of Split Enz are Eddy Rayner, keyboards and vocals; Nigel Griggs, bass, and Noel Crombie, drums and musical spoons. He also designs the group's on-stage apparel. They're from New Zealand.

The band is currently riding high on the charts with *Waiata*, which is New Zealandese for something close to "get down and party."

Finn admits that the band was quite surprised by the success of *True Colours*, the LP that finally broke them in the U.S. "It was such a good album, too. It was very different from anything we had previously done."

"We are always changing. Now we are starting to change our rhythms — music as a whole is changing as far as rhythms go. The next album," Finn promises, "will take a big step... somewhere." He laughs. He says the desire to change rhythms is why the previous drummer left and percussionist Crombie, long time Split Enz, took over the drums.

Finn denies that they band ever got discouraged, even when their albums were hits all over the place but weren't getting released here. (They are the number one band in Australia). He explains it thusly: "We always imagined that America would be the last place we would break. There are so many factors to content with when you play, and we've been really fortunate. We didn't want to deal with those business aspects and our record company does a good job. We just play."

"As far as musical influences, well, Tim, my brother, grew up during the 60's. He listened to the Beatles. I did too, but I was pretty young," says the 22-year-old Finn, who's found fame and fortune disgustingly early; "I listen to the Kinks, the Move, Bowie, the Talking Heads. But we're influenced by a hundred things. Like swing drumming from the '40 and '50's. It keeps the music moving along."

Finn says that the band does very little material off of albums earlier than *True Colours* because they got "bored with the old songs."

Looking back on the history of the band, Finn just says "every band needs to change. We ended up being more direct." —RNR

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HM's new open door policy

by
CLIFF DUNN
Contributing Writer

Engulfed in a stinking, fetid darkness you are chilled by the fog. It renders all shapes spectral and turns your tranquil thoughts paranoid. Isolated by the swirling mist, you feel cut off, alone. The fear within mounts as you begin to imagine steps behind you — creak, creak — but is it just your imagination? Suddenly you realize that in the confusion of darkness and fog you have entered an alley. It dead ends. You turn around slowly as you realize that you will have to confront your fears. A stench, overpowering even the rotting smells of refuse that dominate the alley, causes you to blanch. You try to run . . . but somehow, you can't. Glancing around, you see nothing that might be used as a weapon. Music begins, swelling to overpowering volume as the figure appears. It's not human. It was, once, but now . . . The stench is the rotting of dead human flesh. Mold grips its skin and clothes as it advances, a crimson light in its eye sockets. You see the axe in its right hand, see the blood dripping, dripping — you're not the first encounter tonight. The axe rises and falls in time with the music. As the blade descends, its laugh begins. The last thing you'll ever hear. The last thing you see is the writing on the tattered T-shirt: Iron Maiden is heavy metal. You won't forget that, not for as long as you live . . .

A new plot for a horror film? No, just a little something I envisioned that sounded like a good opening for this interview with one of the current big bands in Europe, namely Iron Maiden, who were introduced to San Antonio as the opening band for Judas Priest. Horror is a natural feeling you tend to receive from Maiden's music as it practically drips with it. From both of their album covers, featuring their playful mascot, Eddie, a smiling, sadistic corpse, to their heavy hard-hitting music coupled with lyrics dealing with nothing but death and fantasy, even old horror films, Iron Maiden practically personifies death. They take their name from a medieval torturing device that consisted of a metal chamber whose walls were lined with spikes. When the door closed with you as it's guest, the aftereffects weren't too pleasing to witness.

The Iron Maiden line-up consists of Paul Di'anno on vocals, Adrien Smith on guitar, Clive Barr on drums, Dave Murray on guitar and on bass, the group's chief writer of both lyrics and music, Steve Harris, who took time out to give me this interview and had a lot of interesting things to say about the band's first stateside tour. In his relaxed and heavily accented voice, Steve relates about the band's feelings:

RnR — When did Iron Maiden first get together?

Harris — Well, the band first got together about five and a half years ago when we started touring the local club circuit and in a surprisingly short while, actually built up a decent reputation with the rather different approach to heavy metal we have. We started to get really big over in England from that time on but are still relatively unknown in America, hence this tour.

RnR — How did the band approach the *Metal for Muthas* album?

Harris — The *Metal for Muthas* album was our first studio effort we ever made. It was an attempt to import some upcoming English bands and we happened to be upcoming. We played a slightly different version of "Wrathchild" than what appears on the *Killers* album, along with a slightly altered version of "Sanctuary" which appears on the debut album. Other than that it was nothing really special. I should mention we

had a different drummer on that album, though.

RnR — Your style is obviously different from the run-of-the-mill heavy metal band. How did you come about playing this way? **Harris** — The style we chose was simply chosen at the time that we formed. The rest of the band and I didn't enjoy playing the "average" heavy metal style with the power chords and simpler rhythms, because it is boring to play. We certainly didn't like either the culture of the music of punk, so we

lyrics to it. One day I saw the film and I thought it fit the mood of the music. But the song was not completely modeled after the movie because if you recall, it had a lot of dream sequences which I left out. Horror also fits the name of the band.

RnR — You had such a great band on the debut album. Why did Dennis Stratton (guitar) leave?

Harris — You have to understand that Stratton didn't play as big a role in Iron Maiden as it sounded like on the album, with



chose a style with time signature changes, and something that was just a little bit more complicated than the average. This way, we wouldn't be known as "just another struggling heavy metal band." We actually built up a reputation based on talent alone. It worked.

RnR — Why Iron Maiden?

Harris — Well, you know what an Iron Maiden is, right? At the time we formed, it sounded like a good name. It casts an aura that seems to match our style, so it was adopted. I like it because it's different.

RnR — Probably the most interesting aspect of Iron Maiden would have to be your mascot, Eddie. How did he come about?

Harris — When we started touring, on the back of our stage, we had a huge, metal head with lights in its eyes and whose mouth would start to spit out smoke in appropriate moments when we were playing. Something very similar to it appears on the back of the *Killers* album. Just as a reference to the thing, we called it "Eddie, the head." When the time came to put out our debut album, an artist friend of ours, Derek Riggs, drew a really disgusting looking face moulded after Eddie's image. It is the one that appears on the debut album. I thought it was perfect for the cover and we decided to use it as the mascot for the band, much like Blue Oyster Cult's little symbol. One day we had one of the roadies wear a mask of him and he came out on stage from time to time and soon became a very popular person, so on tour, we always have some roadie come out with it on. He really fits the mood of Iron Maiden.

RnR — Judging from songs like "Phantom of the Opera" and "Transylvania," horror seems to be enjoyed by someone in the band. Does it play a big role in your music?

Harris — A little bit, yes. I enjoy old horror films and the rest of the band, and I like reading horror stories and I suppose some of them rub off and show in our music. It really doesn't play that big of a role in our lyrics as it would seem because, for example, I wrote the music to "Murders In The Rue Morgue" long before I wrote the him playing a lot of the solos. He was

moreover a kind of studio musician who fit the style of the band at first, but never really got in to what we were playing. He likes a more mellowed out form of music, like the Eagles. And so that, and the fact that he never really got along with the band personally, contributed to his leaving. Actually, he left Maiden as soon as the album was finished recording. He never was a steady member, see?

RnR — Where did you find Adrien Smith?

Harris — Adrien used to be in a band with Dave Murray called Urchin. When Dennis quit, we had Adrien join the band. A couple of times when Dennis couldn't make a gig for some reason or another, Adrien took his place so you see, he wasn't a risk when he joined. He fit in well with our style, so we lucked out.

RnR — What's the story on the banned single with Margret Thatcher on the cover?

Harris — Oh yes, that! Well, when we were releasing a single of "Sanctuary," our artist, Mr. Riggs, drew Eddie knifing Margret Thatcher for some unknown reason. It was just a drawing, you know? Well, needless to say, the single was met with a lot of flack after that and its distribution was cancelled. Later we black air-brushed over Thatcher and she became a part of the blackened sidewalk with Eddie hovering over it. Actually, we weren't going to release it because someone put something on their cover of some people throwing stones at the Parliament and later a bunch of punks did that, and we thought if we featured Eddie doing that to Margret, they might get ideas that we didn't want to be responsible for, so we cancelled that picture.

RnR — How do you feel about the differences between American and British heavy metal?

Harris — Of course, you realize, coming from England myself, I'm biased towards the British style, but I'll give it to you straight. I feel that British heavy metal is more aggressive and played with a little more feeling than what some of the American bands are playing. There are some very good American bands, though. Van Halen's one. They

really seem to get into their music while they're on stage which I feel is very important. They're really aggressive with it also and I like that. Aerosmith is pretty good, too. But the latest stuff that's coming from America I don't care for because a lot of it is over-produced. I tend to go for a more raw sound, while some American bands tend to go for a more mellow, commercial sound. There is definitely a big difference between British and American heavy metal, and I'll take the British, but like I said, I'm biased. **RnR** — How do you like touring with Judas Priest?

Harris — I like it, very much. Not only are they my personal favorite band, but their style matches ours pretty well. Although I must admit I am used to headlining over in

Iron Maiden without Eddie. He couldn't make it, he had his funeral to attend.

Europe and it was a little strange to play support this tour, but it is a good chance to expand our audience by playing America. I hope we catch on.

RnR — It will take time, but I think you'll be very popular among heavy metal enthusiasts.

Harris — Maybe, but it will take a while. If we would get some radio play, which we are getting in a couple of places (not on KISS you're not!). We do look forward to coming back to San Antonio, as well as the rest of America. You've been great. I'd like to say right here that the fan, rather than the money, is more important to me than any thing, which sounds a little corny, but it's true. We're out there to play for you and we want you to enjoy it.

RnR — What's all this about being claimed as the next Deep Purple?

Harris — (laughter) Oh, please! I suppose that got started when we got Martin Birch, who used to produce Purple, to produce us. We call him the Headmaster because he plays a pretty big role in our music. Anyway, a couple of critics, for reasons unknown to me, started comparing us to Deep Purple. Now I know that Purple was probably the best and most talented metal band, but we want some originality too. We are not trying to sound like them at all, if that's what they think we're trying to do by getting Birch to produce us. We are not trying to be known as the next Deep Purple, because we don't want to be known as a copy band. We are Iron Maiden, and nothing more.

RnR — So you are definitely not the "next Deep Purple?"

Harris — Definitely not! We are the first Iron Maiden, and you can quote me on that!

On that note, I said goodbye to Harris and told him that San Antonio is looking forward to seeing the return of Iron Maiden next year. He replied they will not disappoint anyone. Like the door of an Iron Maiden, let us hope it never closes on us—RNR

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An excellent article

• 7 • It's Only Rock 'n' Roll, July 1981

England is still there. Or, the Kimsey report

by
CLYDE KIMSEY
Contributing Writer

As I expected, going to England was certainly more of a culturally enriching experience than a musical one. At home, by keeping up with the latest music related magazines, talking to the touring English rock bands, and, of course, listening to the English records, one can get enough exposure to the scene — but not to the hows and whys of it all.

Since it was my first time overseas, my visit was primarily that of a tourist, though I did my share of record shopping (especially considering the high record prices) and concert going. Visiting there a week as I did helped but just like any other country, you would have to live there to come close to understanding the country's culture and thus its music.

Americans wonder why many English groups' lyrics are so far removed from the American interpretation of rock 'n' roll. After being there, I wondered how both countries managed to have as much in common with each other's pop music, considering the vast differences in lifestyles, cultures, and values. Most countries seem capable only of duplicating English and American pop music. It takes a certain environment for rock to spring forth. Heard any Indian or Egyptian rock 'n' roll bands lately?

Many of the English youths' lifestyles seem to be the result of the few groups that they listen to. The English fans take their music more seriously than their American counterparts. A serious English music fan will think nothing of paying five to ten dollars to see a band which has aroused his curiosity when he hasn't actually heard them. Even with the economy on a downswing, they find the money to buy record albums costing nine to twelve dollars each and singles costing between two and two and a half dollars. There are bookstores on almost every corner and newsstands in every tube-way (subway) station selling the dozen or so weekly music and entertainment papers. The English rock press pride themselves on being as up to date as possible. They report on musical events as they happen unlike American magazines. Of course they have an easier task since English rock is essentially "London Rock".

Most of London's fifteen to twenty-five year-olds try to dress as sharp and be as individual as they can while still being a bit trendy; unlike American's standardized dress. While walking in inner London, you will see members of many different subcultures, distinguishable by their different hair and clothing styles. Some moderates might even "mix 'n' match" facets of different subcultures.

Most blatant are the not-so-hostile and out of date punks who were surely too young to enjoy or even understand the 1976-1978 revolution. The Mods dress in a sort of mid-sixties casual style or in black and white suits. They dress and act in MODeration.

The most visible and most active group seem to be the Skinheads. They shave their heads to Marine recruit length, wear high-water work trousers with suspenders and most importantly, heavy combat boots. They dress seemingly ultra-working class. Their beliefs are of the extreme right wing and they are most prominent in the north and central west side of London. This area has also spawned The National Front, who are against the integration of the Blacks and other foreign residents who now live in what is probably the most international city in the world.

The smallest group yet the group that

has been around the longest are The Teds or Rockabilly Rebels. They sport greased ducktails and pompadours and wear clothing styles of that era.

To me, this is the most fascinating group because they are the only English subculture totally American derived (or what they think is American). Each year new kids and ex-punks turn into Teds and discover their (own) music.

While in London I wanted to see some up-and-coming talent instead of groups that were already coasting on their stardom. I was given a few suggestions from a personal contact with England's biggest music paper; Melody Maker. Each of the weekly rock papers in London have nearly all of the dates for the city's thirty or forty clubs. Some even have listings for the entire country's shows. No one misses shows out of ignorance.

I decided to go to the Rainbow Theatre and catch The Mo-Dettes and The Belle Stars (formerly The Bodysnatchers) who were featured on the Two-Tone Live Various Artists album. once again

The Rainbow actually is an old movie theatre with all the seats taken out except for a few tables at the back. A lot of English concert goers hang out at the same two or three clubs in their area and take their chances on who might be playing that night. A lot of people know each other, making it a

social occasion. They all discover these new groups together. If they like them, fine; if not they aren't really disappointed. Like most clubs, the audience was a mixed one with mods, docile punks, the moderates, who made up the majority of the crowd, a few Teds, and of course, most discernible, the Skinheads who are always the most active in the crowd. They tend to make themselves friends, but can't accept doing this in a club full of strangers as the English do. This kind of friendly but rambunctious conduct has always been misconstrued as violent and hostile behavior by the American media and the public. Being a "typical" American, I too was a bit leary of them as they were bouncing off me but could soon tell there were no ill intentions.

The Belle-Stars were an all girl band that

dressed in the overdone dress of the saloon girls of the wild west. Their fairly unique sound was derived from Soul, Reggae, 2-Tone, and Rhythm and Blues. Along with their originals they also performed "Funky Chicken" with a Stray Cat and two other guests from other bands.

I wasn't too impressed with The Mo-Dettes who closed the show. They didn't seem as tight live as they do on their records which I heard the next day.

England is probably the European country most like our own but even so it is still quite different both socially and subculturally. They are a proud people that get involved in whatever facet of life that affects them, be it sports, politics, or rock music, which even some Americans consider to be healthier and more creative. ? host sentence?



England's Skinheads: Who loves ya baby?

photo by Clyde Kimsey

grey

Rockabilly: Still alive and well

by
CLYDE KIMSEY
Contributing Writer

After American rockabilly faded out in the late fifties (though except for a few select songs it wasn't very commercially successful), the English took over with dozens of bands performing on small labels for a cult audience at up and coming Teds. They still respect rock pioneers of the fifties such as Elvis, Gene Vincent, Johnny Burnette's Rock and Roll Trio, Eddie Cochran, and Bill Haley and The Comets.

Until recently though, most of the English rockabilly banks were simply revivalists. They simply tried to duplicate the rockabilly sounds of the Sun record label as accurately as possible and to feel "Dixie Fried." Remarkably, most of these groups succeeded in conveying the feeling and simplicity that is so valuable and hard to find in any of the newer forms of rock. These revivalist groups such as Crazy Cat and The Rhythm Rockers and Shakin Stevens are fine, but the sound was too safe. Consequently, the English and American press, as well as radio, failed to be impressed.

The public (especially the English rock fans) are always looking for a new and updated sound but with basic and universal appeal. What rockabilly needed was a revolution to open up its narrow boundaries.

This is largely the reason why The Polecats, The Stray Cats, and The Shakin Pyramids are currently England's most popular rockabilly bands. These three along with a few others are a younger and wilder breed. They may not be quite as authentic as veterans such as Crazy Cat, Matchbox, or Shakin Stevens, but their styles are fresher and more inspired. They are rockabilly stylists instead of merely revivalists.

The Polecats: An acoustic bass sure cuts down on the electric bills!



photo by Clyde Kimsey

Being a rockabilly fan, I wanted to see at least one band while on vacation so I decided on The Pole Cats. I chose them mainly because of the favorable review I had read in an earlier edition of Melody Maker. (Even reviewers read reviews). I was also looking forward to this particular show because it was at the renowned Marquee Club. This hot, cramped little club has been the starting point of many popular bands in the last fifteen years, including The Who. Everybody plays The Marquee.

They're wild, yet in control, raw but simple, spontaneous music, easily stands on its own. It's happening now — not twenty-five years ago! There is certainly room for nostalgia for these new Teds. Their shows consist of half original tunes, with the rest being obscure covers.

The Pole Cats run through their show with the wild abandonment and enthusiasm of a group that's been caged up for a week. It would be a crime to play music of this calibre and simply stand around on stage.

As in most English rock shows the audience up front was playfully pushing and shoving; showing their enthusiasm for the music and just letting it all out and having a good time. An added point of behavior to The Pole Cats' show is that a few of the fans actually climb on the low stage and dive into

the audience. The crowd catches the smiling "Ted" and all is friendly.

I was enjoying the show and observing the crowd when all of a sudden a "diver" landed on me. It wasn't until I looked up and saw the blank spot in the center stage that I realized the diver was the lead singer!

The Pole Cats have been around for about three years but have come into their own recently when they released a three-song EP. The "A" side, which hit the top of the ever changing English charts is a remake of David Bowie's "John I'm Only Dancing". Being a fan of Bowie's singles, I never thought the original was very distinctive until these cats gave it a snare-rim beat, some slap-bass soul, and true rock'n'roll singing. If the wimps in charge of American radio ever play rockabilly singles, this should be a good start.

The flip side, which has the little known songs "All Night Long" and "Big Green Car". They are equally as good as "John I'm Only Dancing" and are probably better than the originals. The Pole Cats seem to improve on old songs they way Robert Gordon does — only more successfully; as they sound more natural and at ease. With any luck, Americans may yet rediscover their own music again and find rock'n'roll's roots. —RNR

Pix
Too
Dark

Premise:
what's in first?

Heavy metal: A roar of energy?

All emotion—
No facts—
no depth

by
CLIFF DUNN
Contributing Writer

I suppose I should begin this little essay with a brief explanation. First of all, this was not my original introduction. My first intro was aimed at the sole purpose of praising heavy metal and trying to annihilate new wave and punk because, as we all know, heavy metal is one of the more popular forms of music in San Antonio. People are more apt to take my side, especially if I completely insult David and his musical tastes.

But after reading David's copy, a new light dawned on me and my thoughts and opinions were altered a bit. What I was doing was a cop-out. I didn't want my arguments proved by getting people pissed off at David for his putting down of heavy metal because than I wouldn't be proving anything but merely convincing people to take my side because I listen to the more popular form of music. Reread David's side and open your eyes and ears to what he's saying because it makes more sense than what comes to mind. Don't read it and say, "well, he's putting down heavy metal, so he should be shot." He's not putting it down because it exists, thus creating an opposition to what he listens to, which is constantly ridiculed by metal fans. Rather, he is giving reasons why he thinks HM is a music form with less attributes than most. This is exactly the opposite of what I was doing previously, thus my side of the argument was unjust. So now, let me say I do disagree with a couple of his points, which is the entire reason behind this article being written in the first place. So now, on with the show!

I realize I am mostly in a minority when it comes to my enjoying heavy metal as I do not take part in the activities associated with listening to it. I do not wear leather, or try to act macho because I listen to it, or whatever else people link to listening to heavy metal. I like the music form as music alone, but I'm going to give my opinions, like them or not.

First of all, I realize that heavy metal in some respects can get to be a little redundant, but I think that opinion depends on the listener. For me, Krokus is miles away from the music of Blue Oyster Cult,

and while I will admit that Krokus is very similar to the likes of Scorpions and AC/DC, they do have their own characteristics, both in lyrical and philosophical senses, that differ from Krokus's.

I also realize that the majority of the listeners of heavy metal are as David puts it, "young male teenagers" and will eventually "grow out" of listening to it. I seriously believe I will be a fan of heavy metal when I am well into my thirties and beyond. I met a 36-year-old woman at my job the other day who was draped in a Black Sabbath concert tour shirt and who had more ticket stubs from heavy metal concerts than I knew existed. I thought maybe she was a fan of metal from her college years as a Deep Purple enthusiast, but she said she was turned onto it by her kids and found it wasn't as bad as she thought it was. Maybe this doesn't prove my previous point, but it certainly said something to me.

As for David's argument that heavy metal is not open to other musical forms and merely reproduces the past, let me say that if heavy metal were entwined with other forms of music, it might metamorphasize into something that may not be as popular. People like heavy metal, with its rhythms you can tap your foot to, emulate the guitar solos, or whatever you do to it, so why change? While some people may think it sounds the same, that's just your opinion. A lot of others and I don't agree. I like heavy metal just the way it is and I don't want to see it changed.

Allow me to pull New Wave and Punk music into this briefly. While heavy metal groups do sing about worlds of fantasy, or of rocking and rolling, partying, etc., and people consider this too much of an escapist entertainment, I enjoy this a lot more than hearing wavers and punks singing politically and reminding me of the world's problems. I fully realize that no one can escape reality, but no one should interfere with my trying to ease the pain. That's what modes of entertainment are designed for. Movies, television, books (of fantasy); they're all escapist mediums. There are too many things in this world, such as our own government being run by a bunch of idiots, and

impending world annihilation, that are too painful to be aware of, and to have to be reminded of them even in the music I listen to. David has told me wavers are simply trying to make me aware of the world's problems. Hell, if I'm not aware of them now, I'll never be. Do they think that all people who don't listen to New Wave live in Siberia and are ignorant of the world's problems? In other words, sing me a song about a battle between two wizards instead of two countries warring each other on who should be able to test nuclear bombs where. I don't want to be constantly reminded that this earth is becoming such a lousy place to live on. How does it go? "You deserve a break today!" Maybe McDonald's does serve a purpose after all.

When I read David's copy and saw that he said that there was a culture about heavy metal, I took a "so what's wrong with doing that" attitude. Because it's true. All the arguments he stated about hanging around with a few friends, having a good time, acting macho, etc., I simply asked myself "is there something wrong in doing that?" because he made it sound like there was, but . . .

For the reasons outlined above, I chose to argue with someone when they insult heavy metal, not because I have an attitude that includes my saying, "Insult it and I'll sick your ass!" but rather because I can't see any reason to put it down. It has its bad points, but its attributes heavily outweigh them. Now I can't do anything about overrated blowhards like Ted Nugent going out and proving all arguments against heavy metal are true, but I can say that all heavy metal bands, or some of them anyway, are not like this monkey. If you've read anything about Ted, you'd know he's only in it for the money, and if groups are going to take this attitude, then yes, heavy metal deserves to die. But not all bands are like that. Bands play heavy metal because one, they like it, two, because it's popular, and three, because by adding one and two, they benefit. It's not too intelligent of a way to end this argument, but putting it in a nutshell, if you don't like heavy metal because you think it has too many drawbacks, or that it is an asinine form of music, then I humbly welcome you to argue until you're blue in the face, but please do it when I'm not around. I'm sick of hearing it. Now let's get on with the rest of the argument.

AC/DC — Putting it in the words of Riot's Mark Reale, AC/DC is a sort of rock disco, being one you can tap your foot to and really get into. So they play simple music, at least it's being enjoyed. Sales on *Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap* have been phenomenal. Call me strange, but that says something to me.

Van Halen — Actually, if they put out a greatest hits Lp, it would be a reprint of their debut album, as that is the only merit to their sagging career. I know they are capable of something better, with Eddie Van Halen on guitar, so where is it? I'm waiting.

Riot — When it comes to rock'n'roll, these guys know what it means. Strong rhythms, nicely phrased solos, good vocals make Riot enjoyable as hell to listen to. They have't sold out and gone commercial, and guitarist Mark Reale reiterates they never will, which is an attribute. Wait'll you hear *Fire Down Under*!

Black Sabbath — Ozzy's Sabbath, even though his vocals were never quite up to par, cannot be insulted musically. Good guitar and my kind of lyrics made them popular until today, and any band that can make such an impressive comeback, deserves a lot of recognition. Long live Ronnie James!

Ted Nugent — Four-year-old intelligence,

overrated in just about everything he does and the fact that he's extremely popular makes me wonder: is he paying his fans to buy his records?

Aerosmith — I don't listen to much Aerosmith, but what I've heard I like. Good guitar, agonizing vocals and "Train Kept a Rollin'" make them worth it. When they lost Perry, well . . .

Led Zeppelin — I agree they were too varied to be labeled as heavy metal, but as for class? I don't really think so. More talent? Pit Michael Schenker against Page and we'll see! They will be missed though.

Blue Oyster Cult — Talent and imagination make this band, but they are nothing to jump up and down about.

Scorpions — How can you insult this band?! The combined efforts of Ulrich Roth and Rudolph Schenker sets this band a couple of miles above the average metal fare. Klaus Meine's vocals add a little something to their somewhat morbid sound on a lot of songs, but with "Top Of The Bill," they show that they can rock.

"I like heavy metal just the way it is and I don't want to see it changed."

Judas Priest — Why is Priest so far down in the line-up being the best? What can be said about a band so fantastic? Coupling lyrics of fantasy and hell with a relentless form of hard-driving metal, it has yet to be surpassed by anyone. Have you heard *Sad Wings* or *Stained Class*? If you haven't, it might change your mind.

UFO — I don't really know if this group belongs here either. Certainly the phenomenal guitar of Michael Schenker fits the heavy metal mode, but some of their songs aren't as hard as others. Don't get me wrong as I think they are one of the best bands around. Good vocals, aggressive bass and that Flying V made them that way. Chapman tries and has sometimes succeeded, but . . .

Krokus — So what's wrong with combining three of the most successful metal bands ever? They spell a success formula that makes Krokus one hell of a band. *Hardware* is definitely Krokus.

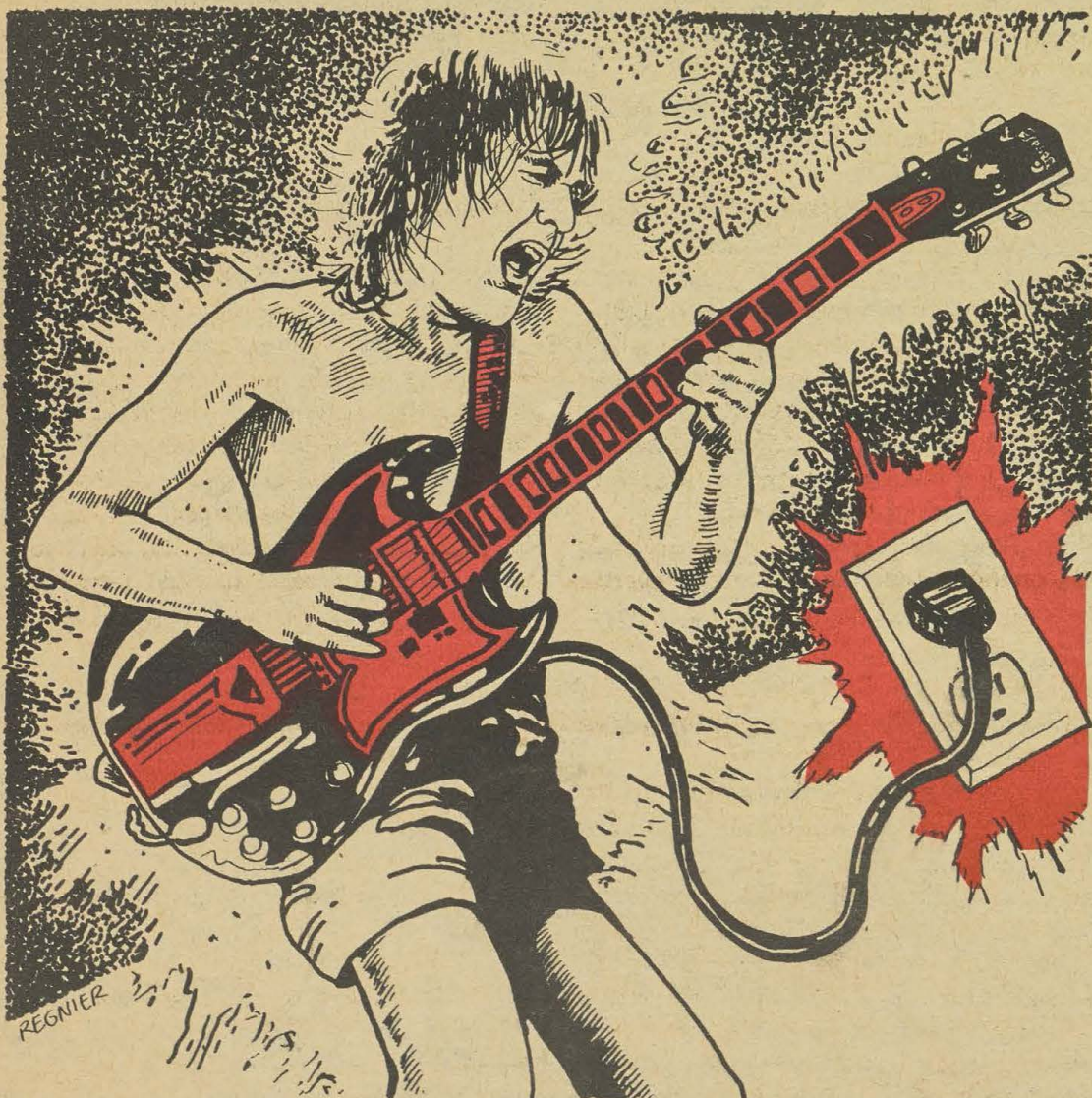
Deep Purple — They were good, but that's just it. They were good. Time marches on and personally I'll take Riot over them anyday. I thank them for making Blackmore successful enough to found the next band.

Rainbow — This band can be summed up in one word; extraordinary. With the guitar-work of Blackmore, the drumming of Cozy Powell and the fantastic vocals of Ronnie James Dio, Rainbow had their hooks in metal pretty deep. Losing Dio and Powell was the biggest mistake Blackmore could hope to make, but *Down To Earth* isn't bad.

Motorhead — Stale, without importance redundant, boring no wonder they suck. They cause you to reach for the Excedrins and cause you to wonder how they ever made it, but . . .

Rush — Fantastic. Nothing more can be said. Excellent in both playing and lyrics, Rush is the most talented band around right now, and even though they don't play what could be considered heavy metal, I'm glad they still play "Working Man."

Triumph — Since David put in Marino, and I agree with him, I put in this band. Triumph was one of the best before they wanted more money and released *Just A Game*. If you haven't heard the import of their first album entitled, *Triumph*, well then, you haven't heard Triumph—RNR



art by John Regnier

Not Just A Rocker
5th Avenue

Too little

what's?

what a description of a band doesn't

end of argument

Good Argument.

Or a thunderous, flailing beast?

by
DAVID ARTHUR
Editor

Heavy Metal: A thunderous beast that flails about, makes a mess, and doesn't clean up or apologize. HM for the most part is an incestuous musical form, full of dead ends and ripped off riffs. Originally an outgrowth of the late 60's psychedelic movement — witness Mr. Hendrix and bands like Blue Cheer and Cream — HM was first truly defined by Led Zeppelin in 1969. Unfortunately, that definition is still pretty much the same: loud guitars, sluggish rhythms, limited chord changes, delusions of grandeur. For some reason, HM bands seem more prone than any other to the symptoms of "godhood" syndrome. They act like they are miles above their fans, treat them condescendingly and the fans eat it up. Which shouldn't be surprising — you've got to be a masochist to listen to some of this stuff anyway. Or very bored.

Which may be the prime reason why teenagers listen to HM. It's an escape, in a way the Fleetwood Macs of the world aren't. With HM young males can pretend they're tough as shit like Rob Halford and wear black leather PJs or drink their liver to death like Bon Scott. It keeps them from thinking about school, college or parental units. It's also one helluv an aggressive security blanket, a cave of unification where the tribe of youth can gather, get high and feel good together. And, like Linus (in Peanuts), these kids take their blanket very seriously.

And there is nothing wrong in that. I don't want to pontificate or sound condescending, but I took my blanket very seriously in high school. I didn't want to be Robbie boy though; I wanted to be Ronnie James, pirate extraordinaire, pillaging towns and ravishing very willing damsels. The romantic in me, I guess.

My present dislike for HM stems less from the nature of the beast than from the attitudes of the people who play it, and from some of the people who listen to it. It's not that bad an idea, musically, a bit simplistic perhaps, but most great rock and roll is simplistic if not minimalistic — look at the Stones, the Ramones. The musical frame-

work is sound — it carried Hendrix, Zeppelin and Purple into fame, fortune and greatness — but the attitude is warped. Rather than be open to other musical forms, HM bands merely replunder the genre's past. Few listen to any other forms of rock, let alone, reggae, classical or jazz. Or if they do, they ignore it when writing "songs". Sure, Rush is technically adept, and Motorhead plays faster than the Ramones, but these are the exceptions; the two best HM bands there are today and Rush is probably not HM any more.

And talk about similar thematic concerns — trashing hotel rooms while wasted, getting gonorrhea and singing about the agony of it and bragging about the 18 guys you stomped while they were passed out last week — it's all the same, from band to band. BIG DEAL.

There seem to be three kinds of HM: melodramatic, typified by whatever band Ronnie James Dio sings for; basic grind, a la AC/DC, and a thunderous roar, like Scorpions. Melodramatic seems to be the most vital of the forms, probably because it's the newest and actually requires utilizing one's imagination.

As I said, it's not the music that is so obnoxious, it's the bands and the fans. Too many of these groups are overblown windbags who suffer delusions of godhood just because 15-year-old girls in tight spandex want them. Their fans spread tall tales about them and the object of their affection believes them, starting even taller tales.

While these paragons of pompousness often insert their feet into their mouths, requiring extensive dental surgery, their fans are always struck by a strange deafness which passes as soon as someone insults their hero. As the old Cheshire Cat said — or was it Alice — "curiouser and curiouser."

Of course, after these fans turn 18 or so, they meet a cute girl who leashes them in, puts on the Eagles and makes them like it. Personally, I'd rather see people like Judas Priest; at least they act like they enjoy what they're playing.

All of this notwithstanding, what's most annoying about the HM fan, if you are going

to take him seriously, and for this article we will, is his insistence that nothing besides HM is rock and roll. It doesn't matter that the Beatles sorta happened to define the music, that if Pete Townshend hadn't discovered feedback Angus Young would have no reason to change his diapers — NO-O-O-O! THAT doesn't matter. See me take my tongue, Dick. See me insert it into my cheek, Jane. See me laugh, Spot.

OK, so much for the histrionics. Here's a blow by blow account of some of the bigger HM bands.

AC/DC: Back to basics. One of the better of the HM current bands, apparently they don't feel the need to act like bikers. They've never put out a consistent Lp, but they've got a lot of good songs. A greatest hits Lp would be very interesting.

Van Halen: If these guys put out a greatest hits Lp, it would be a blank piece of vinyl. People complain about Geddy Lee's singing but David Lee Roth not only sounds like a eunuch, he is one — and has a bad case of the hiccups, too!

Riot: An apt name. No musical organization, a lot of copied riffs — listening to their albums is kinda like watching "Name That Tune" — and mucho histrionics. They're sincere, which makes me even more uneasy.

Black Sabbath: Now that ol' lard lungs Ozzy Osbourne has vamoosed, they are one of the best HM bands around. R.J. Dio has a flair for melodrama in his lyrics that fits the music perfectly. While their old stuff was a bit redundant, at least they had determination. And a high threshold level of pain.

Ted Nugent: Who? Oh, the guy with the squirrel tale. They deserve each other.

Aerosmith: Why bother? After *Toys In The Attic* they descended to levels of boredom undreamt of in anyone's philosophy.

Led Zeppelin: They were really too varied to be HM and they had more class than anyone else. Also, more talent. I'll miss them.

Blue Oyster Cult: Also full of class. That they still pack such a mean punch after this many years is a tribute to someone, but I'll be damned if I know who. Another plus: They have a sense of humor.

Scorpions: After their fan club pulled a Rip Van Winkle, they vowed to stay around for 20 more years. God help us!

Judas Priest: The arrogance of HM personified. Coupling lyrics of how to turn on male teens with *hard-driving* metal they lack all the depth that they're given. Their music isn't very menacing either. *Sad Wings of Destiny* is the only excuse for their career and it's not enough. Mean and angry is one thing, but the homosexual/S&M overtones present in their music makes me ill. Violence as a way of pleasure does that to me — I'm funny that way. And taking the point of view that gratification of your desires, even at the cost of others', is okay dokay is moral nihilism. But that's a concept they've never heard of, much less understand.

UFO: After making mucho joyful noise early on they fell into the same trap as everyone else. As Starsky said to Hutch, "Who cares?"

Krokus: AC/DC + Scorpions + Deep

Purple = ———. Get the picture? And people complain about Styx's Formula!

Deep Purple: Of all the pure HM bands, this was the best. They were first, they were the heaviest, and they had a more than passing acquaintance with their instruments. Ritchie Blackmore may have lost his "Ronco Easy Note" chord chart now, but back then — Wagner never did as much damage to my speakers. And Jon Lord's gravity defying keyboards played strange tricks on my mind (and turntable). No wonder they're so copied.

"It's not that the music is so obnoxious, it's the bands and the fans."

Rainbow: Ritchie Blackmore tries to remember everything he learned from his "Ronco Easy Note" chord chart and fails. Ritchie, buy a new copy — please!

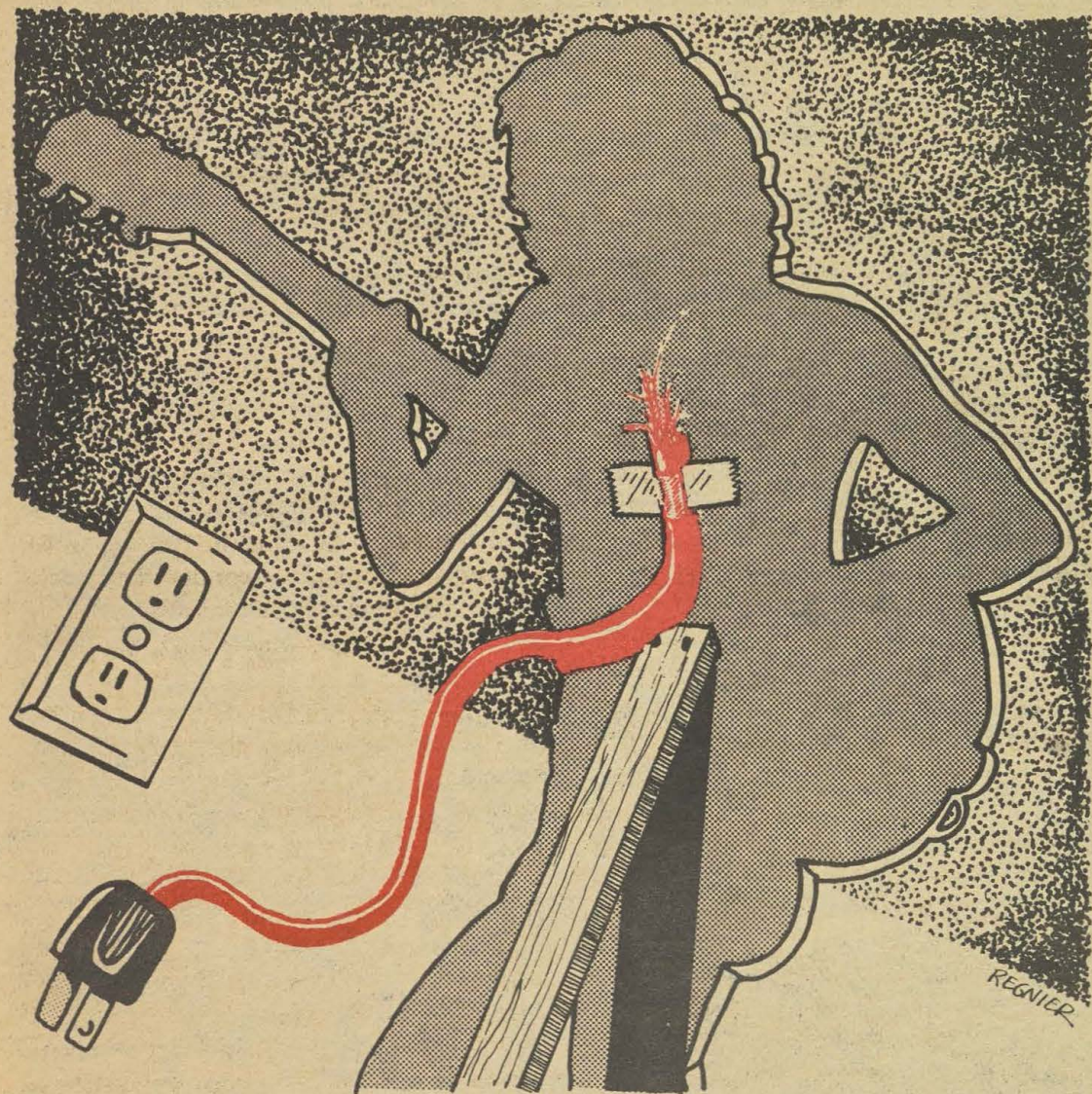
Motorhead: Fresh, vital, heavy — they're damn good. They're tight, they write well, and play like a bunch of demented aliens. And since Lemmy, their bass player was in Hawkwind, maybe they are . . . the best since Deep Purple and England knows it.

Frank Marino: Disregarding the toy train set of guitar effects (see the caboose, Stephen? See the horse's ass, Frank?) that he needs to rip off Jimi Hendrix, this jerk is just that. Tell me he's a great guitarist when he plays like Frank Marino, not before. On second thought, don't wake me up.

Rush: So good that they evolved out of HM. Sorry Charlie. They have more intellectual depth than all of Eddie Van Halen's guitar amps stacked together and not only do they look as ugly as Van Halen on stage, they can also play their instruments. What a plus! I chortled when they did a reggae version of "Working Man" — it shut up the idiot who had been asking for it all night — and they soon will alienate all their 16-year-old fans by getting too thematic. Comparing this to Van Halen is like comparing Harlequin romances to *Wuthering Heights*.

Rock and roll was built on taking chances, on open boundaries and risk-taking. HM bands offer only the illusion of rebellion; they're as reactionary as Barry Manilow in their way. The close mindedness to new ideas these bands have because they would change the "sound" is limiting, frustrating and stupid. Rock and roll would not be where it is today if the Beatles hadn't added classical and jazz motifs to the music. This matured the music beyond anyone's expectations and developed the various genres. But all the other genres constantly borrow from both themselves and each other. HM alone is a closed formula. Escapism is good and necessary, but even the best escapism has meaning. Tolkien, Poe, Hubert — all offer allegory — allusions to reality. While some bands may offer a too harsh view of reality, I would rather be catherized by the events and their horrors than be numbed by an escapist opiate

—RNR



art by John Regnier

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Dogman battles it out



by
RON YOUNG
Publisher

All day rain threatened to stop the June 14th Battle of the Bands sponsored by Rock Around The Clock and The Eisenhower Road Flea Market, but it was the local police who finally put a damper on the contest. But despite a sparse turn-out by local rock fans, persistent flash flood warnings, and occasional raids by the gendarme one thing came through loud and proud — rock'n'roll.

In a field of ten bands (one from as far away as Dallas) that included all types of rock'n'roll from New Wave like Chance Meeting, to heavy metal like Stryder, to Sixties-styled pop bands like Off The Charts; Dogman & The Shepards a local boogie/blues outfit clearly led the rest of the pack by capturing the votes of all three judges early on and as one of them said "the true spirit of rock'n'roll."

All the bands were judged on five points:

musicianship, stage presence, crowd response, dynamics, and originality.

Even though Dogman was the clear winner there remained some controversy over the two runners-up. One of them, Force, was allowed by Rick Ireland, who held the event, to perform twice because he felt it wasn't fair that they were the first band to go on in front of a small crowd. This made many of the other bands disgruntled and cries of "fixed contest" were heard. The other runner-up Seance, was the last band to perform and had done only two songs when police broke up the affair at 10:00 p.m. due to complaints from area residents about excessive noise. However, this would never have happened if Force hadn't have been allowed to play twice, or another band (Merge) been permitted to play twice as long as any other act.

Many spectators as well as group members wondered how these two bands placed as high as they did. This is a question that still remains unanswered. Although the

bands in question are both talented groups neither one of them should have placed due to the unfairness of the situation.

Dogman & The Shepards received a check from Eisenhower Flea Market for \$200.00, while the runners-up both got checks of \$150.00 each as prize money. This in spite of the original top prize offered of \$400.00 for the winners and trophies for second and third. It was the first time Mr. Ireland had run this sort of affair and to say the least it was a rather haphazard one. But as he was quoted, "We'll keep doing this until we get it right!"

Ireland wants to hold another such event within 90 days but the ill feelings that this first one caused among local bands who did turn out for it will certainly leave any further contests he holds open to suspect. This is, of course, most unfortunate for the local rock scene. —RNR

Homegrown Lp winners

If you haven't heard by now the winners of KISS radio's Homegrown Talent Search has ended. After receiving over several hundred tapes from local bands the finalists were pared down to twenty-seven before the ten bands that would appear on the Homegrown album were chosen.

The ten winning bands that are to make their mark on wax are (in no particular order): Sapphire, Mammoth, Rob Thacker & She, The Mo-dels, The American Peddlers, The Ben Beckendorf Band, The Drugstore Cowboys, Liquid Sky, The Max, and Jim Woodward.

Judges for the contest were KISS program director Tim Spencer, KISS music director Tempie Lindsey and UAR Recording Studio rep Bruce Greenberg. It's Only Rock 'n' Roll publisher Ron Young was supposed to have also been one of the

judges, however KISS representatives failed to notify the magazine in time.

The ten winners will begin recording their tracks at UAR studios very soon and the album will hopefully be completed by mid-August. —RNR

STRYDER: Whatta trip!

If you're into heavy rock, the San Antonio debut of STRYDER at the Rock 'n Roll Connection was a trip you should have taken. From the initial whistle to the final stop, the group kept its audience on track with a varied repertoire and a polished execution.

Particularly impressive was the ease with which the guitarists, Danny Sanchez (lead) and brothers, Fred (rhythm) and Keith (bass) Gurick produced the "locomotive of sound" that carried the vocals. Adam Morales, lead vocalist, is a powerful belter that requires a hefty set of guitars to match his voice. His stylings are well-suited for their choice of songs. My personal favorites were "Another Piece of Meat," "Breakin' The Law," and an extremely good rendition of "Diamonds and Rust" (Joan Baez woulda shit, but I loved it!) Danny provided his share of the voice with fine performances on songs such as "Shoot, Shoot" and "It Takes Time." Carlton Brewer, on drums, rounded out the group, and the walls of the R & R Connection shook as "the train kept 'a rollin'" well into the night.

The group tells me that they have been together for three years, and it can be seen and heard in their performances (Mistakes were made, but Keith promises they learn from their mistakes). Owing to the size of the club and the necessary volume of the group, I found myself wishing I was hearing them in a larger arena. When they are booked into a bigger place (and they will be), I'll be along for the ride.

NOTE: STRYDER is not to be confused with Stryker, another band on the local fare.

**Don Moore

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KISSing off KRTU — and other events of local interest

hogo
old friend

by
JIM E. BEAL, Jr.
Local Scene Editor

Golly, gee, but wasn't last issue just full of logical reasons for this city's crushingly mediocre radio programming? KISS/KMAC's Tim Spencer and KRTU's Anthony Rogers sounded so grown-up and business-like I could almost picture them chatting with Eddie Chiles and H. Ross Perot about defeating the Liberal Threat.

For some strange reason all that corporate, self-serving hogwash made me mad. After reading the interviews with two program directors I embarked on an ear-torturing month of radio dial spinning in the hopes of finding something interesting to listen to.

What I found was homogenized mediocrity. Middle-of-the-road, safe pap pours out of radio stations from one end of the dial to the other on both AM and FM. I found only a few exceptions. WOAI doesn't play any music so you won't get clubbed to death by Beatle tunes at 1200 AM. KEDA pumps out lots of good conjunto music from around the area, but it's not nearly as much fun as it once was because El Guero Polkas, DJ extraordinaire, was forced off the air in a hassle with the station owner who just happens to be his father.

Oh, yeah, if you like radio preachers there are still one or two of 'em operating as usual.

David Frost's "Backbeat" and Rogers' "Jamacian Wave" are, for the most part, glimmers of creativity on KRTU. However, I'd love to know what

makes Rogers so positive his show is so much more popular than the late, weird "Off-Beat." It just strikes me as a mite peculiar that a program director (incidentally, Rogers is no longer program director at KRTU — something about bad grades) can save his own show from the clutches of creeping classical music but couldn't do the same for another.

Now to Spencer's remarks about "tightening" the KISS/KMAC formats. What Spencer did was install a bought or borrowed radio programming industry format. The thing is designed to be safe; you will hear very little new music and you will hear almost nothing that's not a bona fide popular song by a certified popular artist.

It's boring and it's insulting to people who would really like to listen to music and not Musak. It's also the same ploy KEXL tried just before it went under and it's causing a lot of people to turn off their radios and invest in cassette players.

Okay, you either like or dislike what a radio station is doing. Do you have any input? Actually, no. A radio station's format is not really geared to please listeners, it's geared to generate advertising dollars. Hundreds of people can become irate and storm and scream and holler about something that goes on at a radio station but as long as the ratings are high things will not change. Witness the great Ricci and Jud controversy.

Though a bunch of folks branded them racists and demanded that KBUC radio "do something" about them they're still business as usual.

So, unless you happen to be a walk-

ing, talking Arbitron rating book what you want means zip. It's your money that talks.

But, there's a simple solution. Be your own program director. Turn off your radio. Get a stereo system with a cassette deck. Get a portable cassette player. Buy the records you see reviewed in this mag, buy the records you don't see reviewed in this mag. Do it yourself.

Quick Notes: Texas music is hot, hot, caliente these days. Skipwilly's has been the scene for a couple of scorchers of late. First, Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns burned the joint up on a Sunday nite. Then Roky Erickson and the Explosives and the Sir Douglas Quintet and a lot of musical friends shook the foundation on a Tuesday.

Carrasco and the Crowns have left Hannibal and are negotiating a new record deal. There's talk of a Stiff EP soon or a third album. The band is heading for New York for July 4 and are planning a Mexican tour with the Go-Go's toward the end of the month.

Although I just hacked local radio I must compliment KONO for having Doug Sahm, Augie Meyers, Johnny Perez and Louie Ortega do about a half-hour radio show prior to the Skipwilly's gig. Sahm spun records and talked about the old West Side music scene and generally presented a refreshingly interesting show for fortunate listeners.

Reports from Austin say The No. 2 Dinners did a bang-up job opening for Joe "King" and the Crowns last month at Steamboat Springs.

Zet Baer, Suzi Ingram, Rudy Harst and Claude Morgan combined forces to do something completely different at the Shawndavenport Art Gallery at 10th and Austin. It was a Sunday night and it was art and friends and energy and a primitive jam and weirdness and fun.

If you could choose only four people to entertain a city it wouldn't be a mistake to choose those four.

If you're looking for something different to kick off the month of July look to Trinity U.'s Attic Theatre and the play "Moonchildren." "Moonchildren" is a Michael Weller play about people, problems, ideals and strangeness. It's set in the Sixties and it's a fair representation of what went on.

Oh, yeah, I'm gonna be in it, I almost forgot to mention that. But don't worry there will also be a number of real actors and actresses and a fine director on hand to make sure things go as they should. Come see Charlie Athanas and I together on the big stage the first three weekends in July. Performances are at 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday and 2:30 p.m. Sunday. Admission is merely \$2.00 and I won't be peddling T-shirts at the breaks.

Stop The Presses: Late breaking or late broke sources say Dog Man and the Shepherds will soon be recording a single for release on Augie Meyer's Texas Re-Record label. Augie will be playing keyboards and the tentative release date is August. This sounds like the ideal combination for Dog Man and the boys and the ideal combination for your ears. —RNR

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San Antonio's first record convention

by
DAVID M. FROST

One of the records I bought at the San Antonio Record Collectors' Convention was the Temptations singing "I Wish It Would Rain". I suspect that the organizers of the convention would've paid me to burn it, because the weather put a damper on what was otherwise a good show. It rained pretty steadily throughout the weekend of June 13-14. Austin was flooded again, and so were many parts of San Antonio. This limited the turnout of collectors and dealers, but those who came seemed generally satisfied by what they found.

One young woman was ecstatic because she found a Brian Eno button

amongst a pile of new wave pins and badges. Another guy was telling his girlfriend that the Alex Chilton LP he found was a mite expensive but, after all, it was a Japanese pressing. Mario almost bought a boxed set of Pink Floyd LPs but it didn't have the picture disc he was looking for, and Denise found some obscure South American albums to add to her already-impressive collection of Bill Haley material. I found a bit of everything, from the Spaniels (1953) to the Ramones (1978). Many hits, a few misses and generally a good time.

The two dozen dealers who showed up brought mostly rock'n'roll albums and 45s. The range of material wasn't quite as large as at the Austin show a few months earlier — not much jazz, blues, country or show tunes, for example. The

most common stuff was punk badges and dope paraphernalia; the strangest was a guy whose table was mostly filled with white religious and gospel records. He didn't do too well. Most people wanted rock'n'roll records.

The dealers I talked to were a bit disappointed by the turnout and a bit surprised by San Antonio's tastes. There was a much greater demand for 45s and pre-Beatles material than they had expected. That didn't surprise me very much. Despite what you often hear, San Antonio is not just a heavy metal town. The turnout was lower than in Austin, not only because of the weather but also because the record business traditionally slumps a bit during the summer. Also, the \$2 admission may have been a bit high.

I didn't find much in the way of super-

the aforementioned Pink Floyd boxed set and similar packages by Zappa, Aerosmith and the Beatles. Prices were generally reasonable, and most everyone ended up walking out with less cash and more records than they had when they walked in.

Despite the problems with the weather, over which there was no control, the people at the Rock Around the Clock record shop deserve a lot of credit for organizing this convention. People have been talking about a convention in San Antonio for a long time, but these guys were the first to actually do something about it. The last time I saw Rick Ireland, one of the organizers, was during the battle of the bands on Sunday afternoon. Looking alternately at the grey sky and the two hundred

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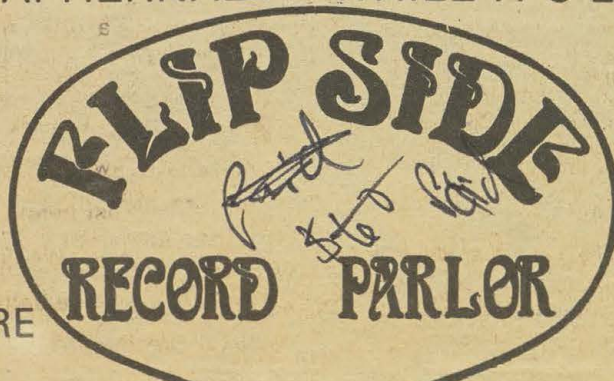
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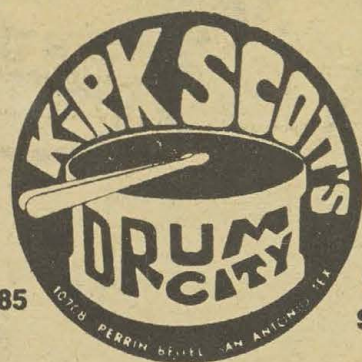
photo by Lucinda Frost

San Antonio's first record convention

rare material. Most of the singles and albums were going for anywhere between 25 cents and \$25 dollars. The few big-ticket items were such things as

people listening to the music, he said "I expected a bigger crowd... but the people we got here are sincere."

And that about summed it up —RNR



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This historic musical event features some of San Antonio's finest new music explorers: The Vandals, The Rejects, Rudy Harst, The Vamps, Skeptiks and Mannequin.

The film is produced by Fred Weiss for U.A.-Columbia access channel 21.

For those who might miss the broadcasts *It's Only Rock'n'Roll* will have a special showing in early August at Skipwilly's. Watch for details. Also stay tuned for Brave New Music Festival Two.

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Iron Maiden: bringing down the axe

Iron Maiden/Killers (Harvest) — Professionalism is but one thing Iron Maiden's got going for them now that Martin Birch is producing them. Being claimed as the next Deep Purple is another. I think this statement should be dropped, however, for the simple reason that Iron Maiden would be ruined if they tried to fill Purple's shoes. Sooner or later their style would be so closely linked to Purple's that they would be known as rip-offs, which should not happen to a band with so much talent. They are a step above the average heavy metal fare with their somewhat complicated rhythms (moreso than most anyway) and aggressive style. Maiden's first album could hardly be surpassed with such songs as "Phantom of the Opera" and "Running Free"

but you can tell with this album that they're ready and willing to give it a shot, and they almost did it. Songs like "Wrathchild," "Murders In The Rue Morgue," and the title cut contain the same energy as their debut, but songs like "Prodigal Son" and "Twilight Zone" just don't seem to cut it.

With all the heavy metal bands England is cranking out lately, including such contenders as Angelwitch and Accept, Iron Maiden without a doubt leads them all as the most prestigious and promising upcoming band. Getting back to the album in question, though, next time, I hope their album can match the first. If you're not into Maiden, pick up either of the albums, and I guarantee you will be. **Cliff Dunn

New Romantics and other elegies

Spandau Ballet/Journeys To Glory (Chrysalis) **Duran Duran** (Harvest) — The New Romantic movement over in London would do Bowie proud, for it's all about false faces and facades. A collection of false identities, this movement is very remindful of disco, in its decadence and over-emphasis on dress.

Spandau Ballet are the highly touted lead band of this new movement. All I see in their music is craftsmanship — no art, as the band's proclaimers would have you believe. The music here is fragile and isolated, as if the band was so secure in their isolation that they can't be bothered to share emotions. I'm willing to try to meet a band on it's own terms, to understand their situations, but here, there is no ground to meet them on.

They're more pompous than Gary Numan. Certainly more talented too, which makes this posing even more inexcusable. As for dancing to this, well, I suppose watered down Ultravox is o.k., but why bother?

Duran Duran, however, are quite a different matter. Somewhat similar to Gang of Four in their dualistic dance and still be meaningful approach, they have an insistent rhythm section that the closed minded would label "disco" and a guitarist who churns out strong, sweeping power chords.

The keyboards here aren't in plain view; they're in the back, filling in gaps, creating undercurrents and generally adding depth.

Duran Duran doesn't just sit there. They're far too energetic for that. Like Gang of Four they practically embrace their audience, and while Duran Duran isn't for everyone, they sure are a more welcome sound than the electronic whines and bleats of Spandau.

Duran Duran combine humor, insightfulness, aggressiveness, and great dance music into one giant mix. Their debut is better than U2's and their Lp, along with The Cure's *Faith* and Rush's *Moving Pictures* is the best I've heard this year. But then I haven't heard a new Ultravox Lp yet. **David Arthur

Buddy Guy/Stone Crazy (Alligator) —

Although it has the sound and fury of Buddy Guy at his liveliest this album was recorded two years ago in a studio in France and it proves his reputation as one of the greats of high-energy blues. This album is a *must* for both rock and blues fans alike. Anyone who digs Hendrix, Clapton, Page or Richards should buy or steal this one. These white rock kings look up to this man as *the* killer guitarist. This record is known to cause heat rash just from one listening. You've got to have a fire extinguisher around when you play this, baby! **RY



Marty Balin/Balin (EMI) — To me

Marty's always been the white Smokey Robinson. He was always the one who injected a touch of romanticism into the otherwise cynical political/drug culture stance of the Jefferson Airplane/Starship. His songs have nearly always been the ones that had the most commercial feel to them. And it was this commercial ability and his soaring soprano on songs like "Caroline" and "Miracles" that salvaged the Starship's floundering career during the mid-70s.

This is Balin's first solo outing and predictably it's steeped in melodramatic romanticism. Unfortunately, he's opted for the songwriting of other less gifted craftsmen rather than his own usually excellent skills. Cushioned in dreamy musical settings for most of the album Balin catches fire only once, and fleetingly, on "Spotlight". It's the seamless production and the singer's gilt-edged voice that saves the album from the rather lackluster tunes here. Balin's protege Jesse Barrish has written the two best cuts with the fast-rising hit single "Hearts" and the album's closer "Music is the Light". The next album should be the charm for Balin — if he writes his own material. — **RY

George Harrison/Somewhere In England (Dark Horse) — "They say they like it, but, now in the market it/May not go well as it's too laid back/You need some oomph-papa, nothing like Frank Zappa/And not New Wave they don't play that crap/Try beating your head on a brick wall/Hard like a stone/Don't have time for the music/They want the blood from a clone"—

"Blood from a Clone"

George has released another pleasant album of preachy songs about saving world and soul alike. Seems he's been asking himself about his worth in the marketplace as of late and whether it's really a waste of his time putting out product on which he keeps repeating himself — his messages go unheeded. However, this is perhaps the best Harrison album since *Living In The Material World*.

Despite the Lennon tribute, "All Those Years Ago", which features Ringo and Wings and is the best melody Harrison's come up with since "Cracker Box Palace", the rest of the Lp is quite good, too. His own best tunes being "Blood from a Clone", "Life Itself" with its beautiful English folk melody, and the weepy "Teardrops" — "It feels like I have taken over from the rain."

George has also chosen some odd, but excellent cover material in the old Hoagy Carmichael chestnuts "Hong Kong Blues" (from the Bogart/Bacall film *To Have and Have Not*) and "Baltimore Oriole" which suit his style and voice well. Also a rollickingly playful "Save the World", which is Monty Python-ish in tone but Harrisonian in intent and message, is very good as well. All in all it's not a bad album if you want more of George's sweet slide guitar thin reedy voice and religious refrains. **RY

The Decline of Western Civilization/U.A. (Slash Records) — I have always liked all types of rock'n'roll without liking every band. The same has also always applied to my appreciation of New Wave rock and even hard core Punk. Unlike rock as a whole, the most

popular punk bands are the most entertaining.

To prove it just listen to this album of L.A.'s supposed answer to the allegation that punk is dead. This is a cheap, desperate attempt by spoiled Hollywood brats to be as obnoxious and make as little sense as possible. L.A. bands, such as Black Flag, Germs, X, Fear, Catholic Discipline, and The Circle Jerks, sound like what naive rock fans have always thought of when they hear the term "Punk Rock". Most of these brats (they aren't good enough to be called Punks) could never have made it in '77-'79.

By listening to their lyrics and their fans or interviews, one would think that these bands are spoiled sewer rats that don't live but merely exist for their own displeasures.

L.A. is a city of excesses; and now it has excess and senseless punk. **Clyde Kimsey

John Cale/Honi Soit (A&M) — I'll buy just about anything Cale puts out. Last year's live album was a rough-hewn rock'n'roll gem. This, his first studio album in years, is like a rail of superfine cocaine that has ground glass mixed in. It's a great high but *there will be blood*.

For this new one Cale seems to have gone back in time just before and during World War II for inspiration. We find ourselves side by side our hero as he battles shadow enemies in places like Casablanca and Bataan, in black and blue skies or in the muddy burnt-out streets of yesterday. It's a nightmare trip that belongs to some faceless junk-ridden war veteran.

Cale is doing what Jim Morrison would be doing if he had survived. "Dead Or Alive" with its bravado melody piped along by an E-flat trumpet is a signal to follow this Welsh madman on a surrealistic journey much like Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*. Some will survive this long strange trip, but they may need a straight jacket when they get to the other side. **RY

Staying on top



Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers/Hard Promises (Backstreet) — Tom Petty has a problem. After you've scaled the mountain, as he did with last year's *Damn The Torpedoes*, where do you go?

Where last year's *Damn* was full speed ahead, never mind the consequences rock and roll, *Hard Promises* is a softer, more interspective effort. It's kind of like a soldier who's hot for battle and who makes it through — he sees the carnage scattered around him and

can't help wincing, especially as he starts to feel his own wounds. Petty's made it — but at what cost?

All right now, get ready. I'm about to start reading into the words, so let's journey through the lyrical undergrowth. The main thrust of the album is exactly what the title implies: hard promises. The hard promise of love, when it is not returned ("Insider", a haunting ballad with Stevie Nicks and "A Woman In Love") the promise of early expectations in life and failing to live up to them ("Nightwatchman", "Something Big") and finally, just promises that don't come true ("You Can Still Change Your Mind"). Through it all, Petty seems resigned, fatalistic. It may be coming all to an end, but there's no point in trying to stop it — because you can't. All you can do is wait, and that's "the hardest part".

Musically, the album is more delicate, less raw than previous Lps — which weren't very raw at all. But it is not lacking in energy. It's just a more quiet form. I like it better than *Damn*. **David Arthur

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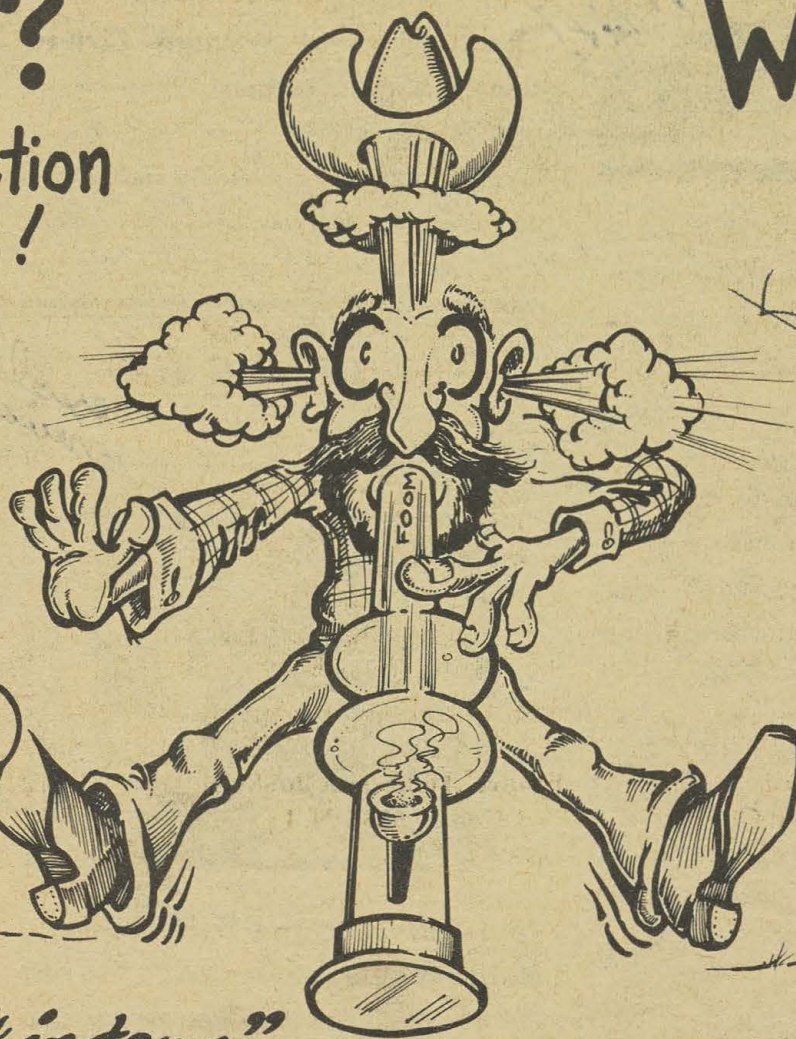
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photo by Robbin Cresswell

The Moody Blues; the mists of time have parted yet again...

THE MOODY BLUES
Superdrum
June 18

If they didn't have guitarist Justin Hayward and his songs, this group would be more out of date than any heavy metal dinosaurs, or The Grateful Dead.

The Blues are not intellectuals. They have trappings of pseudo-mysticism and philosophy made bearable by songs like "Nights In White Satin" and "Question". The majority of these songs were written by Hayward. The majority of songs the band played were Hayward's. But unfortunately they let Ray Thomas on stage; he looked very out of place all night, banging his tambourine in a volume competition with drummer Graeme Edge, and

dancing awkwardly — oops — dramatically out of time to the music. He was always attempting to call attention to himself and was overpowering on the group harmonies. His own songs, cosmic mush about Timothy Leary, are out-dated. Even his new stuff is.

Technically, the band was excellent. Justin Hayward was in fine voice and played excellent guitar all night, while bassist John Lodge also shone. Maybe next time they'll go on without Ray Thomas. After all, who needs melodramatic "poetry" and recycled 60's slogans?

I'm sorry this review seems so negative, but I was very discontent with Mr. Thomas' stage antics. The rest of the band put on a fine show. **David Arthur



photo by Clyde Kimsey

Jerry Lee Lewis — A man and his piano

JERRY LEE LEWIS
Floore Country Store
June 18

Every fan of *The Killuh* knows one thing about him for sure and that's that you can never be sure about him. Lately it's been whispered that Jerry Lee was having a bad bout with the Whiskey Man and that *The Killuh* was on the wrong end of the bottle. It was anticipated that he might do as sloppy-drunk a performance as he did when last he played San Antonio. However, this time he wasn't drunk, although he was indeed under the influence of some drug as he seemed sedated throughout his show. This was especially apparent when he tried to talk with the audience between numbers. Nevertheless, it was Jerry Lee Lewis: Rock'n'Roll King and Living Legend — lithe, pompadour in place — still playing after 25 long years of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll. Lewis' performance may not have been as polished as it used to be, as he occasionally missed keyboard runs during the set, but he was still full of piss and vinegar. He and his fine band played to a two-thirds filled house that enjoyed his every flourish at the piano and even his sly comments about local hero Willie Nelson. ("I like Willie but... I should be the one with all the number one hits.") Then claiming to now know even one Nelson tune he launched into "Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain", all the while buh-buh-buh-boeing a la Bing Crosby, underlining the fact that Willie has sold out to the easy listening set.

Lewis mixed up his repertoire playing both country western tunes, like his recent hits "Thirty-Nine And Holding" and "Over The Rainbow", as well as basic rockers like his sleazy version of "Meat Man" and a galvanizing "Lucille". All were done in his exuberant, hip-grinding style as he flashed his sharks' smile, leered suggestively or growled his delivery on every number.

Of course, he played his signature song "Great Balls of Fire", teasing the crowd with a hokey C&W version of it before diving head first into an earthshaking stretch-out on the classic. Finally he brought the house down with "Whole Lot of Shakin' Goin' On" as he kicked over the piano stool, stood high atop the music box, pounded the keys under his boot — breaking two of the ivories, and then proceeded to rifle those 88s with the two broken keys to the amazement of all. It was an exhilarating moment and one that made the entire evening worth every cent. **Ron Young

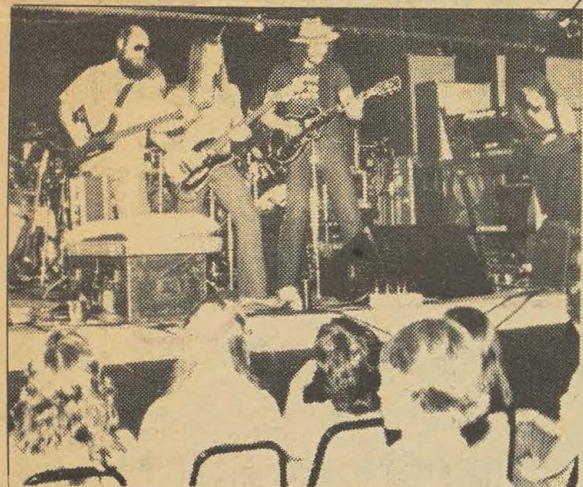


photo by Robbin Cresswell

The Dregs & Firefall

THE DREGS/FIREFALL
Randy's
June 12, 1981

The show opened with Lisa Minso who sings on the latest Firefall album. Her pleasant vocals warmed up the crowd.

Next, the Dregs. Generally the audience was here to see Firefall, but the Dregs caught the fans off guard. For 45 minutes the Dregs entertained the crowd with their jazz/southern rock fusion. They played every number with energy and enthusiasm.

After a long 40-minute intermission, the lights dimmed for another 10 minutes. Finally, Firefall's Rick Roberts walked on stage with his acoustic guitar. By the end of the second song Roberts announced that Michael Clarke, the drummer, was ill. Other members of Firefall wandered on stage. Still missing were two key members of the group, Larry Burnett, guitar, and Mark Andes, bass.

The vocal harmonies were sour, the music dragged and Roberts couldn't remember the lyrics. On "Strange Way", Dallas, the group's road manager helped out on drums and a cow bell. Nothing could save this show and 55 minutes was too long. **Robbin Cresswell

Concert Calendar

Austin

- July 4 Grateful Dead, Manor Downs
- July 6 Judy's, Clubfoot
- July 6 Juice Newton, Clubfoot
- July 6 Urban Verbs, Liberty Lunch
- July 11 Head East, Clubfoot
- July 11 Shake Russell, Dana Cooper, Paramount
- July 11 South Texas Jam: Joe Ely, Fabulous Thunderbirds, Delbert McClinton, The Clash, Manor Downs
- July 15 Squeeze, Opryhouse
- July 16 Maze, Paramount
- July 30 The Dirt Band, Opryhouse
- Aug. 30 Rod Stewart, Special Events Center

San Antonio

- July 16 Heart, Arena
- July 19 Canned Heat, Randy's
- July 23 Elvin Bishop, Randy's
- July 27 Wishbone Ash, Randy's

- Clubfoot, 110 E. 4th, Austin, 1-472-4345
- Paramount Theater, 713 Congress, Austin, 1-472-5411
- Manor Downs, P.O. Drawer T, Manor, TX 78653, 1-272-5581
- Soapcreek Saloon, 11306 N. Lamar, Austin, TX 1-835-0509
- Spotlite Productions, Austin, Tickets (Clubs Only), 1-441-9191 (Major Shows' Tickets at Joske's)
- Third Coast, 5555 N. Lamar, Austin, 1-454-5011
- U.T. Special Events Center, P.O. Box 2929, Austin, TX 78769, 1-477-6060
- JAM Productions, Concert Line, 828-6351
- Stone City, Concert Line, 732-8100
- Randy's, 1534 Bandera Road, 432-5116

The concert dates and places are subject to change without notice. Please call the promoter, especially if it's an out-of-town show. We have listed most of the area promoters for you. All information is current as we go to press. Please do not hold us responsible for any changes.

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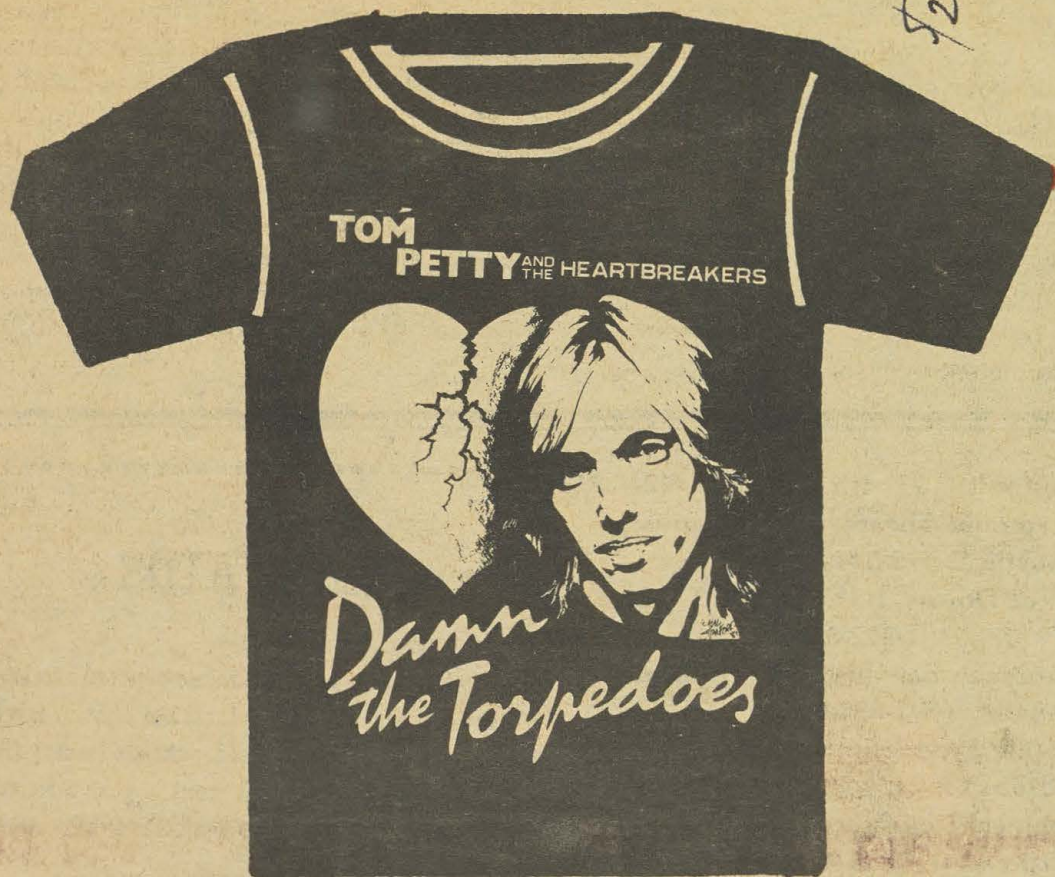
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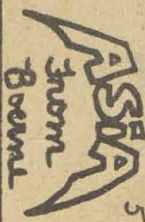
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